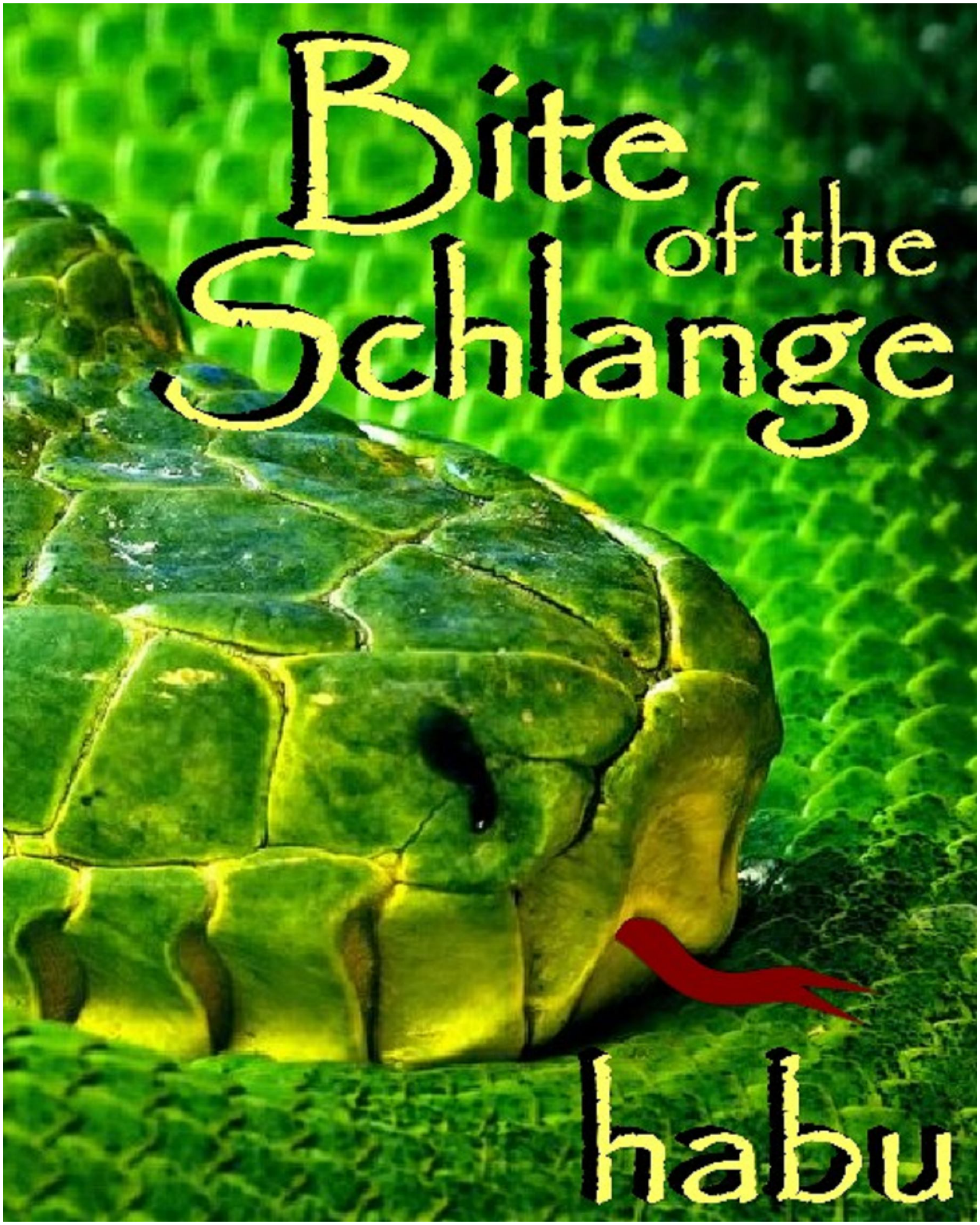

Bite
of the
Schlange
habu

Bite of the Schlange

By habu

On Sunday, April 28, 1793, the earth splits Mount Serpente on the inland island of St. Silvus down the center, flinging the guardian White Furies into the heavens and releasing the black ship of the Schlange and its crew of satyrs to sail out on the lava flow into the world in search of young, perfectly formed men to overpower and defile. The cream of manhood is needed by the Schlange to keep it rejuvenated, and the searching White Furies force the monster to try to shoot the sea's entrance into the larger hunting field of the greater ocean. For this, as well as its other appetites, the Schlange needs to capture and enslave the magnificent young A'zam, the navigator prince of the Ottoman Empire.

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Chapter 1: Escape!

It was Sunday, April 28, 1793, as the bell towers in the harbor town of Charlotta rung out 2 p.m., calling all nobles on the inland sea island of St. Silvus to the wedding of Reginald Reynolds, the governor-general's son, the most magnificently formed and handsome of the most physically gifted countrymen on the face of the earth. At that precise moment, the earth split open down the center of the looming Mount Serpente, blotting out the sun in black ash, flinging up the White Furies, guardians of the gate to the Underworld, into the bluest blue of the distant heavens, and unleashing the black ship of the Schlange to wreak havoc on the fairest legacy of malekind.

Standing on the ramparts of the imposing stone bastion at the harbor's entrance, the royal wedding party looked to the mountain aghast as the conical peak of Mouth Serpente rent asunder, belching its tarrish smoke and casting one, two, three balls of red hot anger raining down on the sleepy mountainside town sweeping down the mountainside to the edges of the stone piers across the now-boiling harbor waters. The nuptial revelers threw themselves behind what protection they could find inside the stone bulwarks of the harbor stronghold, bridegroom sheltering his bride, and the five handsome, sturdy groomsmen crouched over the bridal couple's parents and the queen's representative. Their mouths opened in horror at the sight of the White Furies being jetted up into the heavens, screeching their surprise and despair, as the mountain peeled back from its center to the north and the south and, out of the caldron of orange-red magma, a huge, black ship, sails billowing in the updraft of the mighty eruption, rose up in the bubbling magma at the center of the fire pit, flinging aside the doors to the underworld and sailing majestically down the river of lava into the town of Charlotta and to the harbor waters, hissing with steam that nearly obliterated the vessel from sight.

Only then did those of the shocked wedding party cover their faces and fold their bodies into themselves as best they could and deaden their hearing and senses to the wailing sounds of death and destruction in the flaming town as fiery stones rained down on the dying Charlotta. As the black ship sailed through the harbor entrance, the bride and her kinsmen and kinswomen, both in fact and in anticipation, felt the burden lift from their shoulders and they looked up into wild, evil faces and strong arms at the railings of the black ship, lifting and pulling at the screaming and terrified groom and groomsmen, pulling them onto the deck of the black ship as it sailed past the bastion ramparts. This was only a fleeting image, however, as the fire rocks descended on the wedding party,

now bereft of its virility and manliness. The earth beneath their feet rumbled ominously, and the island of St. Silvus began to crumble within itself and slide down into the steaming waters of the inland sea, never to be found again.

As the waves subsided and the debris of a thousand years of civilization slowly began to sink to the depths under the waters of the inland sea, the White Furies raced back to the earth's surface, straight down from the high heavens to which they had been flung by the violent release of death and destruction from the underworld, one in each quadrant, the North, the East, the South, and the West. Finding nothing existent of the island of St. Silvus, a mournful moaning went up and across the continents, giving pause to the mounted Visigoth on the steppes of Asia, to the ebony Amazon amid her goat herd in darkish Africa, to the Pueblo Indian ascending his ladder to his hidden lair in the New World, and to the courts of Europe, where regicide hung heavily in the air. And, knowing instantly what they must do, the White Furies peeled off from each other, each to its own quadrant, frantically searching, steadfast in their acceptance of their responsibility to bring balance and harmony back into their world—to protect the cream of manhood and to maintain the strengthening and beautification of the human gene pool day by day.

But the White Furies were too late, at least for now. Safely hidden in the commodious Grotto of St. Celicia on the rugged Italian coast, the black ship was gently rising and falling on the calm ebbing and flowing of the tidal waters inside the dark maw of the earth, its calmness belied by the now subsiding cries and moans on the deck of the vessel, where five monstrously built satyrs were having the last of their way with the four groomsman from the doomed island of St. Silvus. The five young, magnificently handsome men, were moaning their last, their bodies lashed with the welts and slashings of the sharp fingernails and teeth of the five satyrs, lust-filled from centuries of imprisonment in the underworld by the White Furies. The anal channels of the groomsmen were stretched beyond endurance by the pounding and plunging of the monstrously oversized, demanding, insistent cocks of the satyrs, filled with lust and need and cruelty in search of quenching a long-denied passion.

The cries of the last of the pride of St. Silvus manhood burbled off into silence and his eyes rolled back in his head, as, no longer having lively sport of their own, four of the satyrs descended on the fifth, who was standing, crouched on deck, the groomsman's ass impaled on his monstrous tool and pulling the flopping body up and down on his pole, the first satyr to reach them thrust his still-engorged cock up inside the groomsman alongside that of the other satyr, while another satyr inhaled the young groomsman's cock and balls deep inside his throat, a third slashed at his nipples, and the last sank his teeth into the throbbing vein in the young man's neck.

As the cries and moaning on deck subsided into the heavy breathing and satisfied mumbling of the satyrs, the moaning and cries within the captain's cabin were on the rise.

His wedding clothes in tatters, the groom's strong defenses had wavered, the adrenaline and shock-strengthened fight was ebbing from him, and he had become weary of resisting the inevitable. As his stance waned, a long tendril of green, scaly rope wrapped itself around the young man's washboard belly and drew the young groom, flagging in spirit and resolve, toward the beast the groom faced in horror and disbelief. It had a man's body—magnificently muscled and formed and powerful—but its skin was green and scaly, and its face flat and noseless. And when it opened its red maw of a mouth, out flicked a long, forked, red tongue.

The ropey tendril it was pulling the groom's bruised body toward itself with emanated from the center of its pelvis. It was a gigantically long, flexible cock. And to the groom's horror, he saw that it was identifiable as a cock, with a mushroom head, but out if its piss slit extended yet another red, flicking, forked tongue.

The groom shuddered and trembled as he was drawn nigh to the body of the monster and it began moving the forked tongue of its mouth over his chest and nipples and up into his arm pits and, lovingly, across his cheeks and into the hollow of his neck. The monster was humming to the groom, a calming, sensuous, mesmerizing song of seduction—the Schlange's favorite song of wooing, the melody of the *Siren Song Symphony* . The monster was making love to the groom, and the groom was responding, despite his terror and despair. The monster's attentions were arousing and lulling, and the groom felt himself go hard. And as he did so, he cried out in unexpected and involuntary passion as he felt the monster enter him—twice.

The tongue of the monster's mouth had reached below the young man's belly and wrapped itself around the groom's cock and slowly contracted and released pressure there, causing the groom to moan in ecstasy. And then the forked barbs of the tongue snaked into the young man's piss slit, sinking inside and spreading this ultrasensitive, secret passage and flicking its way deep through the groom's urethra and into his ball sack, contracting around the testes and teasing up the precious fluid of the beautifully formed, virile young man—the nectar of the Schlange—the vital serum that gave him life and strength and power, what the White Furies had been denying him for too long.

At the same time, the tongue of the cock tendril that was wrapped around the groom's belly had moved down to the young man's ass entrance and slithered into him there deeply, the ever-widening thickness of the cock rope following the exploring tongue inside and stretching the young man's inner walls, caressing every point inside him with the undulations of its scales, causing the young man's walls to tremble and his hips to start the slow, sensual dance of the shared fuck.

The two were making love, the young man as lost in the ultimate fuck now as the monster was.

The groom cried out in consuming passion, no longer fighting the taking, lying back in the Schlange's embrace and crying out for, and when the monster came in prolonged jets of flow, screaming his climax, receiving the wedding night release he had nervously anticipated but that was far, far beyond what he had ever wildly dreamed of. The young man's own flow was rich and thick and plentiful. The Schlange lapped it up with pleasure and appreciation, as it continuously ejaculated deep inside the groom, turned its new, if fleeting bride, pumping its lover full of the opiate of its calming, controlling ejaculate that overflowed the groom's channel and streamed down his trembling legs.

And then the monster started the process all over again, building the young groom up to producing more of what the Schlange needed; the young man meeting the monster's need with a consuming need of his own; the Schlange lovingly milking the precious essence out of him, its tongues caressing the young man deep inside his ball sac and deep up into his intestines, never getting enough, long overdue for restoration and replenishment, coaxing every last drop of the precious nectar out of the perfectly formed young man; and the Schlange once again showing its own pleasure by ejaculating deep inside the center of the groom—again and again—until ... there was no more.

Later, satiated for now—but wanting more and more and more now that he had re-experienced what had long been denied—but the groom and his attendants no more, the Schlange sat, under the worshipping eyes of his four satyrs and contemplated the future. It knew the White Furies were already on the hunt. It also knew it needed time for them to become weary and full of despair before the black ship could ride the waves of the inland sea again. There were two possibilities—abandon the black ship for now and strike out on land, or break out of the inland sea. The latter would take time and effort, and, having just now had the long-denied pleasure of milking a perfect young human male, the

Schlange wanted more—sooner rather than later. So, it was inland for now. The black ship would be safe enough here with the satyrs in attendance, although one could go in attendance to the Schlange. Then, when the White Furies had tried their worst without immediate result, the captain and crew of the black ship could hunt again on the inland sea until discovering the key to shooting the exit from the inland sea out into the greater world—and all of the well-formed manflesh it could provide.

The Schlange gazed at a map of the Germanic lands, where he had hidden and hunted in an earlier century. He always felt so comfortable among the Germans. It would be here he would withdraw once more, he thought. Then his claw landed on it—the perfect place. The high forest of the Saarland—the Hunsrück. The Schlange had safely hidden there before. It would have to do again now—until the White Furies had spent themselves in a fruitless search for the black ship.

Chapter 2: Beware the Hunsrück Forrest

Jacques, the young comte de la Arbois, nearly fell off his horse, both steed and rider trembling from exhaustion, into the arms of the innkeeper of the small village of Saint-Avold, a hard half-day's ride west of Metz.

"A fresh horse," Jacques muttered feverishly through swollen lips.

"We have such a horse for you," the innkeeper exclaimed. "But you are in no condition to ride on, young sir. Come out of this rain and at least get some hot soup into you before you proceed. Where are you headed?"

"Koblenz. Must reach Koblenz. Family there." the young man answered, although he barely was able to get the words out.

A chill went down the innkeeper's spine. From the quality of the horse and of the young man's dress as well, the innkeeper had immediately formed a suspicion. But knowing the destination was Koblenz in the nearby region of the Germans, where many of the French aristocracy had retreated to escape an appointment with Madame Guillotine, his worse fears were realized. Madame didn't discriminate between the royals and those who aided them in these days of turmoil and revolution. But the man was so young and handsome, and the innkeeper had no intention of being the first in many generations of his family in Saint-Avold to deny a roof and a bit of food to a weary traveler.

"Here's a fresh horse now, sir. But do come inside first for a rest and some food. You look completely worn out."

"The road," the young man asked with a whisper. "Which road to Koblenz?"

"That one over there, young sir. But you don't want that one. Trier is closer and you'll find supporters there as well as Koblenz. And there's the high forest of Hunsrück in the Saarland between you and Koblenz. You don't want to go through there."

The young man stumbled toward the fresh horse.

"High forest? Saarland?" he was muttering as he wearily raised his hand to the saddle of the skittish, but stolid Camargue he had just purchased. Not as well bred as his own, which he was giving over to the innkeeper and which had carried him up the west bank of the Moselle barely ahead of his pursuers, but nonetheless a better steed than the innkeeper was likely to provide those who followed.

"The Schlange is reported to be about in that forest, sir. You don't want to encounter the Schlange."

The young count was about to ask for clarification, but just then both he and the innkeeper heard the hoof beats of several horses on the cobblestones at the edge of the village.

"Henri," Jacques cried out in a weak wail. "Why must you pursue me to the ends of the earth?" he whispered in a husky voice toward the darkness. The world that was France was being turned on its head.

The innkeeper quickly helped to swing Jacques into the saddle of the Camargue and gave it a slap on the rump as he turned and ran for the inn, wanting to be innocently inside again before the nobleman's pursuers appeared. He didn't even look to see the youth dash off down the road to Koblenz.

Hours later a weary Camargue slowed its pace as it moved ever deeper into the high forest of the Saarland. The young count was slung low on the horse's back, his fever fighting his hunger for prominence of pain, but both being eclipsed by his weariness. He was aware that the horse was slowing down, but at least he was out of France now, and his pursuers, his own serfs who had faithfully served his family for generations and who now had lost their senses, would have stopped at the border. He had cut his exit almost entirely too short, and he could almost feel the breeze of the falling guillotine blade he had barely escaped. His family had left weeks ago, but he had stayed to gather and hide as much of the chateau's valuables as he could in safekeeping in anticipation of a quick end of this revolutionary nonsense that surely couldn't last for more than another couple of weeks before the guillotine was satiated and his people realized the horror of mistake they were making. And Henri. Even Henri had lost his mind to this anti-aristocracy fervor.

The rain had stopped, but the night was dark, and heavy mist swirled up from the puddles in the narrow dirt road that slithered between the close-knit trees of the Hunsrück.

Jacques couldn't keep his eyes open, and he was slowly losing his grip on the horse's reins. The clop clopping of the bone-tired steed echoed off the tree trunks and droned in

Jacques's head. Eventually, he just slipped off the horse onto the soft moss at the verge of the road and his horse kept on moving into the center of the forest.

Untold hours later Jacques barely heard the churning wheels of the black carriage that materialized out of the forest and stopped beside him, but he was aware of the sound of a command in an authoritative, rich voice and of the hooded, dark-clad liverymen who came down from the driver's seat and gently lifted him up and placed him inside the carriage.

When the carriage was once more under way, the voice he had heard again emanated from the darkness of the bench on the other side of the carriage, and Jacques heard the rustling of a silky material. A hand, the arm covered in shiny black, emerged from the darkness. In the hand was a flagon.

"Here, son, drink this. It will sooth you. You look totally spent and in deep fever.” The voice was melodious and had a sing song quality to it.

Jacques took the flagon and drank greedily. It was some sort of rich red wine. Delicious to the taste. He couldn't get enough of it.

"And bread. Eat a bit of bread.” Once more the hand had appeared from the darkness, offering him a fine, thinly crusted roll that would not have been out of place at the banquet table at Jacques's chateau.

Jacque took the bread and tried to eat it slowly, in keeping with his noble training, but he was famished and it was delicious and he was quickly devouring it like a feral cat.

He would have thought that the bread and wine would give him strength, but they made him even more confused and weary than he had been before, and he found himself drifting off. But he didn't really feel like he was sleeping. It was more like he was numb. No, not numb, because his senses were heightened. But distant and detached from him, as he felt he had little control over his arms and his legs.

The sound of rustling of material boomed through his brain, a heightened sound where it should be muted. And he felt the evening breeze caress his body, his naked body. But that wasn't the only feeling. The palms and fingers of hands were also caressing his body. Dry, yet strong and sensuous hands moving across his skin, searching out and exploring every crevice and crease and curve of his body. He luxuriated in the touch. His mind was transported back to his furtive meetings and couplings with the chateau's huntsman, Henri, in the hayloft of the estate. And his senses were overtaken with the feeling of the sucking and nipping sensation at his nipples, just as Henri did in the heat of passion. The suckling at his breast turned to a salty taste in his mouth. Lips on his, a foreign tongue pushing his lips apart and exploring the inside of his mouth. The flicking of the tip of a tongue against his inner cheeks.

And the sense of smell heightened as well. The musky smell of desire. The smell of Henri, straight from honest, hard work in the forest. The exhilarating smell of tracking and bringing down a stag to be delivered to the young count with pride. And to be rewarded by Jacques by being led into privacy and having the young nobleman open his legs to his serf. The smell of rut, of straightforward, honest sex. The tang of the sweat of Henri's arm pits, of the first drops of dew on his mushroom cap as Jacques opened his lips to Henri's fine, strong cock. The zesty aroma of Henri's pubes as Jacques's lips reached the root of his manhood. The smell of excitement on Henri's breath as he entered Jacques's ass with his cock and the nobleman's mouth with his tongue.

The overreaching sound of rustling material changed to moaning. The moaning became louder in Jacques's ears. He recognized that sound, the timbre of the moaning. It was his own. The same moaning he made when Henri entered him and caressed his passage walls with his throbbing member.

By habit Jacques reached out, felt a strong, heavily muscled belly, just like Henri's, and moved his hand across the navel and down. Henri liked for Jacques to take the measure of him and to run his finger around his tool's glans, to guide his cock in and then wrap fingers around its base as it dug into Jacques's passage.

Jacques was confused as he reached for Henri's piece, because he encountered only smooth skin where Henri was heavily thatched. But he was so thoroughly confused by the drugged wine and bread that it did not register that this wasn't Henri.

Jacques began to take the measure of his lover's cock, but this only added to his confusion. He kept moving his hand down the marble-hard shaft, but he couldn't reach the glans. The shock of this filled him with adrenalin, and for a brief moment the haze of the drugs and weariness were pushed aside. He sat straight up from where he had been draped on what was now a bench pulled lengthwise around in the center of the carriage and saw, for the first time, who—or what—had been making love to him.

It was both a monster and a man that materialized out of the darkness of the carriage. It had a magnificent man's physique of god-like proportions but in the dim light that shone into the moving carriage, its skin had a green, scaly tinge to it. It had a face that was flat and handsome and ugly all at the same time—nostrils but practically no nose. And as it reared back from the unexpected, if temporary rousing of its prey, its almost-lipless mouth opened, and a red, forked tongue darted out.

Jacques shrank back in horror, a horror that was only increased as his eyes descended down the creature's undulating, heavily muscled torso to what it had between its legs. It had an appendage where a cock would be, but it descended to the floor of the carriage, and Jacques could not see where it stopped.

With a fear-boosted burst of adrenalin, Jacques lunged for the carriage door. He had it open and was poised to jump into what was still a dense and close wall of trees when he felt something like an extraordinarily thick rope wind its way around his chest from below his armpits and pull him back into the carriage.

He looked down as he was being drawn back and he saw, in the moonlight, that the monster's centered appendage, now wrapped around him in a strong grip, did, indeed, end. It unmistakably was a cock, as it ended in a bulbous mushroom cap, not unlike Henri's proud member. But from the piss slit of this mushroom cap flicked a red forked tongue.

Jacques tried to scream as he was drawn back into the carriage by this monstrously long penis wrapped around his chest, but no sound came out.

The monster-man was lying on its back on the bench as Jacques was drawn in and stretched out on top of it. The creature was murmuring to Jacques in that mesmerizing sing song voice now. It wrapped one strong arm around Jacques's back and took possession of Jacques's cock with its other hand and stroked him there.

The creature flicked Jacque's cheeks and the hollow of his neck with its forked tongue as the adrenalin flowed out of Jacques and the drugs, his weariness, and the creature's murmurings slowly lulled him into a state of surrender.

It was almost with a sense of detachment now that Jacques traced the journey of the head of the creature's cock down the small of his back, that flicking red nether tongue tickling supersensitive skin as it descended. The creature's mouth was on Jacques's, its tongue flicking around on Jacques's inner cheeks when the head of the cock reached and slithered into his channel.

Jacques moaned and groaned as the cock-hose snaked up into him, the forked tongue flicking against his ass passage walls as it invaded and unreeled inside him. The realization of what was happening to him was horrible, but the pleasure of this intense, fucking possession flowed over Jacques and obliterated anything else. He forgot he was weary and was being taken by such an alien being. All of his senses went to the slithering cock snaking up into him farther than Henri had ever reached.

The creature released its arm around Jacques, although the base section of the appendage was still wrapped around Jacques's chest and was contracting and expanding in a way that made Jacques pant in rhythm with the creature, becoming one with the monster. Jacques raised himself up and arched his back and cried out in delight as the head of the monster cock snaked farther into his intestines.

The creature placed a palm of its hand in the center of Jacques's sternum and gently pushed the young nobleman's torso back, so that Jacques was arched back toward the bouncing floor of the carriage, his hair barely touching the floor boards. And then the creature raised up and lowered its mouth onto Jacques's engorged cock and flicked its forked tongue around the precum-slickened surface of the glans. The tongue found Jacques's piss slit and entered him there, flicking in and out, fucking Jacques's cock slit in rhythm with the fucking of his ass canal.

Jacques was losing consciousness as he ejaculated at the attention of the creature's forked tongue lapping at his testes, and the creature, in turn, spit the venom of its cock-hose deep at the center of the young count in a pulsating flow of calming come. Jacques heard a scream and a wail coming from outside the carriage. The carriageman who had handing Jacques into the vehicle was crying out something about a White Fury in the heavens above, and the monster was jerking and muttering. And then Jacques blacked out.

When Jacques awoke he was laying on a clean bed in a small bed chamber. Sunlight was streaming through the window, and two anxious, solid-looking middle-aged men were staring down into his face, their eyes full of concern.

"Ach, Gute, he awakes," said one to the other.

"Sir, can you hear me? Does anything hurt?" the other said directly to Jacques.

"Where am I?" Jacques asked weakly.

"You are in Netunkirche, in the Saarland, at the edge of the Hunsrück forest," one of the men answered in German. And then when he saw that Jacques was struggling with the language, he repeated this in broken French.

"Villagers found you at the edge of the forest, on the road from France," the other said in better French. "A riderless horse had come into the village and we sent men out and you were found."

"How long? Who? Where?" Jacques said as he unsuccessfully tried to move to a sitting position. He felt sore everywhere, even internally all the way up to his stomach.

"Nein, nicht. No, don't try to sit up, young man. You've been in a high fever for three days. We weren't sure what had happened to you."

"Ich glaube yetz es wurde eine Schlange," one said to the other with a determined, almost truculent tone.

"What? What did he say?" Jacques said to the other man, now suddenly more aware and pulling at his sleeve. "What did he say about a Schlange? Back in the French village the innkeeper had warned me about the forest, using that same word."

"Schlange," the second man repeated. "Snake. My friend here has been contending that you must have been bitten by a snake. There are many big and nasty snakes there in the Hunsrück forest. I think it was just a high fever and delirium myself. He and I have been arguing this point ever since you were brought here."

Jacques wearily fell back onto the bed, more confused now than ever, although he knew that he neither would ever speak of this nor ever again ride through the Hunsrück forest.

Chapter 3: Siren Song Symphony

None of the young men who climbed the hill above the harbor at Starigard were music aficionados; they were all just curious about who had taken up residence in the castle. Of the bit more than thirty men coming up from folding nets in their fishing boats tied up in the harbor or from across the fields of Hvar Island, a beautiful, wild, and very remote isle off the Dalmatian coast in the Adriatic Sea, none either took notice of or, at least, remarked on who had received invitations. The cream of the island's young manhood.

Comely and strong and well-formed young men all. And from all walks of the island's somewhat primitive life, from the fishermen to the shepherds to the merchantmen's pampered sons.

For weeks Starigard and its surrounds had been abuzz with rumors about who had moved into the castle above the harbor. All they had heard was that it was Count Schlange, but the island had never before been visited by anyone of nobility, and no one could imagine what their picturesque, yet simple world would have to offer anyone of noble birth. They were of hardworking, albeit unusually handsome stock, living by the muscles of their bodies and the sweat of their brows.

The rumors did have a somewhat sinister aspect to them, though, no doubt brought about by the count's men, who had been seen in brief glimpses working about the castle grounds and pulling provisions up from the imposing black-painted vessel floating in the center of the harbor, which had heralded the arrival of the castle's new master. Massive, broad-chested, hefty-thighed, hooded, swarthy men, swathed from head to toe in black and casting glowering, penetrating looks that did not invite questions or friendly prattle and caused one to look quickly away.

No sign of hospitality from the brooding castle for weeks and then the surprising invitations, the puzzling invitations. Fifty of the region's most handsome, most well-formed young men had received invitations to attend a concert evening at the castle on the next moonless night. A concert evening. Invitations not to any Starigard resident of remote culture and refinement, of which there were almost none, and not to any of the island's comely lasses, at least some of whom might appreciate the music. But to fifty of the region's young fishermen, shepherds, farmers, and shop apprentices only.

None of these young men had heard of the rising fame of the composer Richard Hunziger, let alone his minor, never performed composition, the *Siren Song Symphony* , inspired, it was said, by the legend of the Lorelei, the sirens that charmed sailors to their deaths on rocks at a particularly treacherous bend of the Rhine River. But some thirty of those who had received invitations were curious enough—and brave enough, considering the somewhat foreboding vibes drifting down the hillside from the castle—to suffer a bit of culture to see this reclusive foreign count for themselves, share the rich and exotic food and wine they'd heard he had provisioned for the event, and to check out what he had done to make the castle habitable after three decades of disuse.

As the thirty-some handsome men moved up the hillside or across the fields and under the castle portcullis and into the stone-paved castle courtyard, it appeared that the count had done nothing at all to stave off the ravages of time pulling at the castle. Everything was in mid rot and decay, loose stones fallen from the battlements lying about in disarray and weeds struggling up from the cracks in the paving stones. Two of the count's hulking minions, heads partially shrouded in the hoods of their black, full-length capes, stood beside seven-foot torches at either side of the wooden doors leading into the castle's main banquet hall.

The faint hint of music wafted out from the hall through the open doors, merely a wisp of sound at the beginning, but haunting and beckoning, causing the boisterous chatter of the arriving men to dull to a hushed murmur and drawing them to the steps up from the courtyard into the banquet hall. None had heard music like this before. It was beautiful, enchanting, stroking. The rugged young men of the island were mesmerized by its call to them.

Silently, the thirty young men and more, subdued and awed now, filed into the banquet hall and found seats in front of a small orchestra set between them and a curtained stage. The contrast of the lushly appointed hall, with its rich mahogany walls, massive tapestries, and blood-red carpeting and velvet upholstery on sensuously curved, white-painted and gold-gilded chairs, against the raw, rough-stoned clutter of the courtyard was unnerving and callowing for the young men of the island who knew nothing of culture but only of a rough, muscle-straining life of hard work.

They were awed by everything, as the music invaded and swirled around in their brains. The thousands of candles in the gilded chandeliers high overhead both sharpened and softened the magnificence and mystery around them. Two of the count's hulky minions were stationed at the corners of the stage, almost completely hidden within their hooded cloaks. And the eyes of the young men that scanned across the upper reaches of the chamber could barely discern another black-cloaked figure in the shadows of an overhead gallery. The count himself, perhaps? No one other than the young men themselves and those two hulking figures at the side of the stage had put in an appearance yet.

No one other than the small orchestra itself, of course, which was producing that divine, enticing, possessing music. If any of the young men knew anything of culture and of chamber music, they would have been instantly perplexed by the orchestra. But, of course, all of this was well beyond any of their understanding. The orchestra was certainly producing the loveliest of music, but it was not music that the orchestra

members themselves could hear. All of them were wearing muffs over their ears that was blocking from their own hearing the notes they were playing. Master musicians all, they were playing in perfect harmony wholly by following the beating of the similarly deafened conductor's baton as he moved across the bars of the opening movement of the *Siren Song Symphony* .

Everyone gathered and completely possessed by the sound of the music, the orchestra started into the second movement. The young men had been completely absorbed in the conclusion of the first moment. It had had a strange effect on them all that they had never felt before. They felt warm—no, almost hot. No, not hot really, more like in heat.

To a man, they were feeling the music deep inside them. And it was making their virile sap rise. The music was invading them with sensations and images of lust and passion, and not a lust and passion like they had ever experienced before. They now, increasingly, were letting their glances, their eyes slitted with interest and speculation, wander about the audience of thirty-some young men in the peak of conditioning and comeliness. Without a bashfulness and reserve that they otherwise would have brought to bear to hold themselves in check, even if they had formed an attraction for manflesh at all, they were now making eye contact with each other, choosing and being chosen, offering and being seduced. Still only in glances. But some of them were already loosening their clothing, unbuttoning what had been put together as their best effort at being presentable, and loosening shirt and breeches, slowly bringing relief to the heat and hardening pressures of their virile young bodies.

As the third movement of the *Siren Song Symphony* opened, a new, enchanting tone was added to the orchestra. The sound of a heavenly human voice. A male voice, but a clear, rich tenor, singing in words that grabbed at the hearts and guts of the young men in the audience even though the language was unknown to them; notes registered deep in the baritone range now, but unmistakably by a tenor who promised high, soaring notes that would transport the audience to another plane, to another world.

On the audience side of the curtain, the concert-goers, all magnificent young men in their prime, listened to and were captured by the singing from the other side, singing the likes of which they never before had heard, not knowing why they were being mesmerized by the siren song or why it was making their sap rise, their lust sharpen, and their fellow audience members so attractive and compelling.

Before the young men's eyes, the orchestra floor started to slowly sink into a pit between the audience and the stage. The lights in the hall dimmed almost mysteriously, or, rather, they were dimmed in contrast to the brighter lights from the stage as the count's men slowly drew open the curtains and revealed the tenor.

The tenor, slung back on a massive, velvety-plush ottoman, back arched, arms dragging the carpeted stage floor, head tipped back onto the floor, and mouth wide open, singing his siren song, lifting his voice higher and higher. His voice rising up the scale, as a veritable satyr of a man, swarthy, broad-chested, hairy chest and legs, cloven feet, whipping tail, and short, pointed horns, hunched between the tenor's legs. The satyr's long, beefy arms were wrapped around the thighs of the lithe, blond, perfectly formed tenor, keeping the tenor's thighs spread, as the satyr plowed the channel of the siren songster with sweeping upswings of a long, thick sword of a cock. With each thrust of his cock, the tenor's voice rose in scale and volume, his captivating siren song swirling around the stage and down into the audience.

The hall was awash now in nude and partially clothed young men, set free by the strength of what they heard and saw to fall lustily on each other. The audience was ripping away cloth and feasting lustily on the bodies of each other, writhing and sucking and fucking, as the siren song lifted them higher and higher.

The tenor reached the end of a passage and rested his voice as the orchestra picked up the siren song melody and increased the beat, increased the heat and lust and full rut permeating the hall. The satyr took the tenor's hips in his hands, sliding his hips back and forward on the satyr's cruelly long and thick tool, exploring, squeezing. The tenor gripped the satyr's hands and started another passage of song, in a lower register now. A rhythmic, pulsing melody, rising higher as the satyr dislodged and moved its fingers moved to the tenor's wide-open rim. The tenor was swaying to the music he and the orchestra were weaving as the satyr dug long, thick, hairy-knuckled fingers inside the tenor's channel and his mouth closed over the tenor's delicate little cock. The tenor sang masterfully as the satyr sucked him dry, but he sang best when the satyr once again was crouched between his thighs, pounding his weapon rhythmically in and out of the tenor's tight channel, rocking in and out, in time with the tenor's siren song.

The four figures that had stood guard, the two at the door and the two at the corners of the stage, had thrown off their cloaks and were revealed to be bulky satyrs all, almost identical to the one plowing the tenor on stage. They moved around the rim of the hall,

picking and choosing as they watched the teeming, steamy mass of young male flesh rising and falling in a loose pile of urgent need and passion in the center of the hall.

The four pulled away, however, as Count Schlange slowly descended a shadow-swathed staircase from the gallery, cloak swirling about him and circled the writhing pile at the center of the hall. His discerning eyes honed in on the most beautiful, perfectly formed man of the island, a fisherman named Andro. The count pointed, and the four satyrs descended on the chosen one, separated him from the teeming mass, and carried him, struggling now in recognition of some sort of danger, back up the stairs to the gallery. The count glided up the stairs behind them.

Andro moaned and nearly swooned as the Schlange dropped his cloak as he reached the top of the stairs. The young man was facing an alien monster, both frightening and awesome. It had a magnificent man's physique of god-like proportions. But its skin had a green, scaly tinge to it. Its face was flat and handsome and ugly all at the same time—nostrils, but practically no nose. And as it reared back from the initial reaction of his prey, the alien's almost-lipless mouth opened and a red, forked tongue darted out.

A trembling Andro looked down to the monster's center and would have collapsed on trembling knees if two satyrs weren't holding him fast. As he watched, a thick rope of whatever was between the monster's legs started unwinding and reaching out to him across the length of the galley. At the head of the extending snake of an appendage was a bulbous mushroom cap, unmistakably a cock, but out of the piss slit of this mushroom cap flicked a red, forked tongue.

Andro opened his mouth to scream, but before he could do so, he was entrapped by the siren song. The tenor voice from the stage, lifting to new, high notes promising a thundering climax under the attention of the satyr fucking him, was now joined in mesmerizing harmony by a smooth baritone humming flowing from the Schlange himself.

The long phallic rope had reached the young fisherman now and was winding around his belly, a lengthy section at the end free and flicking its tongue on the fisherman's torso. After Andro's belly was fully encoiled, the young man was lifted by the strength of the monster's appendage from the grip of the two satyrs and he was pulled, suspended in the air, toward the waiting Schlange. The four satyrs melted toward the staircase.

In short order, they then had made choices in the teeming pile below, which was signaled by the lifting of four moaning, groaning young male voices of men being fully and deeply taken above the hubbub of the fucking pile, rising in perfect harmony with the tenor's siren song from the stage.

The Schlange had lulled its choice to full submission as it brought the young man into his breast. The monster opened its mouth, revealing again a flicking, red forked tongue, which flicked Andro's nipples, as the head of its belly-encasing cock glided down the small of Andro's back and snaked into Andro's channel. Andro's torso arched back toward the floor as the Schlange's mouth tongue flicked down his belly and up Andro's long, hard shaft. Andro's eyes rolled back into his head and he moaned and groaned as the Schlange's flicking cock tongue moved up, up, up into the young man's intestines. Simultaneously, the tip of the Schlange's mouth tongue latched onto Andro's dick head and entered Andro's piss slit and flicked its way deep down Andro's urethra and into the interior of his ball sac. A gasping Andro cried out in ecstasy and his hips twitched as the monster's flickering tongue squeezed the young man's testes inside his ball sac and brought up a burbling of hot cum as the Schlange, murmuring its baritone siren song, sucked up the young man's virility with its mouth tongue and ejaculated its venom deep at the intestines of the young fisherman with its nether cock.

The Schlange extracted its mouth tongue and flicked it lovingly across the perfectly sculpted curves and crevices of the young fisherman's hard-as-marble torso, reveling in its choice. Andro whimpered quietly in his embrace. The Schlange was singing softly to him, the love duet of the *Siren Song Symphony's* third movement, matching its voice to the now-weaker high notes coming from the tenor on the stage below, still relentlessly being fucked by an insatiable satyr. All was quiet on the main floor of the hall now, most of the exhausted concert-goers having been lulled into unconsciousness by the music, all except for the groans and whimperings of the four young beleaguered men the other satyrs had chosen to ride hard and deep and for hours yet to come.

Andro started to stir and fuss as both he and Schlange were coming into season again. The young man gasped and went rigid as the monster's mouth tongue flicked into his piss slit again and snaked its way down into the virile man's rejuvenating seed center. The Schlange was lapping inside Andro's sac, teasing the flow of the once-strong, now-weakening fisherman. Andro made one last, unsuccessful attempt to fight the disquietening waves of pleasure rolling over him to raise his arms, to form fists, but he collapsed with a little cry, and a groan, and shallow panting for breath as the Schlange's cock tongue began moving again, deeper, deeper in his intestines, reaching for his

stomach, to plant the seed of the Schlange's next sowing even closer to the center of the young man's being. The Schlange had selected well; this one was prime; paced sufficiently, he could go on all night.

In the light of the next day, life was back to normal on the Isle of Hvar. All that the young men of Starigard remembered of their evening was that the music was tolerable and the evening was satisfying—although, for the life of them, they couldn't remember why or give very satisfying answers to those who asked them questions about the castle and Count Schlange. If some of them were sore in a way they'd never been sore before, especially the four who had taken the fancy of the four satyrs, they couldn't explain why and certainly didn't want to talk about such pains to anyone else.

All was back to normal except for the tragedy of Hvar having lost the best of its young men, the fisherman Andro, apparently in an accident at sea. No one had seen him go out in his boat the previous night, but the fishermen who had launched their boats at the rise of the dawn had found Andro's empty fishing skiff adrift at the entrance of the harbor.

When the count's black ship glided out of the harbor the next day after his brief residence on the Adriatic island, five hulking, hooded figures could be seen on deck. But no one heard the quiet, baritone siren song being hummed below decks or viewed the sight of the magnificent and fearful green, scaly superhuman form as it hunched over the beautiful, docile, thoroughly exhausted and fading figure of the sighing, moaning, groaning missing pick of Hvar manhood, steeled himself to be fully possessed yet again by swirling, venom-flowing, flicking appendages, double-fucking deep inside pulsating intestines and urethra channel. Arms bound over his head and his legs raised and spread and lashed to the overhead beams of the captain's cabin, the fisherman Andro both whimpered and sighed as the monster's green, throbbing cock-tentacle slithered down and around his raised leg and into his ass channel and the Schlange lowered his lips to the re-engorged cock of the athletic islander that signaled that there was still some nectar to be coaxed from his testes.

The Schlange sighed. Another successful shopping trip. A little thrill of release swept over it when it came again deep inside its beautiful young, most-desirable-of-the-region prey and started building up its insatiable lust once more, as Andro burbled softly at the repeated gut-deep takings. The Schlange was pleased and prayed that it would be able to pace itself so that this one would last at least until the ship reached Venice.

Chapter 4: Masque Macabre

The black ship glided up the Italian coast and hove to in Laguna Venita. The Venetians were a strange and decadent lot; only they would sustain a tradition of a two-day annual festival “celebrating” the twelfth-century visitation of the Black Plague to their canal city with a series of public and private masked balls. During the initial decades of the celebration—before the White Furies had forced him into an undergrown tomb—the Schlange had been in attendance each year—and the Venetians had inexplicably suffered the disappearance of one or two of their most handsome and virile young male citizens during this event. A freed Schlange reveled in the knowledge that this year would mark a glorious return to that tradition. And the Schlange was more than ready for the harvesting. He had become too anxious and self-indulgent, and his supply of rejuvenating nectar had failed him two days shy of the Italian coast.

By the time the black ship was dropping anchor in the eleventh hour of the last day of the festival, most Venetians were satiated and had taken to their beds in a drunken and lust-drained stupor. At this same time, however, Vincenti, the young prince of the Lombary House of the Lancias was just arriving for his annual visit to the Serraglio Masque at the city state's most exclusive male brothel.

As the prince's golden gondola swept up to the canal portal of the moldering palazzo on the Calle del Forno in the city's San Polo district, the prince's two burly bodyguards, blond Nordic musclemen both of magnificent, foreboding proportions, clamored out of the vessel. One tied off the boat to one of several posts lining the brothel's dock, while the other pounded heavily on the heavy bronze door to the old palace. Both were dressed as eunuchs, although the prince could readily attest that both were in full possession of masterfully working equipment. They were only bowing to the spirit of the celebrations, as this was a masked ball, traditionally calling for a harem motif at this particular venue.

When the door had been opened and the identity of the visitor, the scion of an ancient noble family turned profitable carriage coach makers, had been established, the prince

emerged from the low cabin of the sedan gondola. He stood tall, beautiful, patrician in the gondola before being handed up onto the dock by one of his bodyguards.

He held his head high, giving the impression he was looking down on everyone around him, including his two Nordic bodyguards, each of whom towered nearly a foot above him. His straight, Roman nose flared at the distasteful smells of the Venetian canal, and his eyes flashed, pale blue, incongruous against the jet-black, curly hair haloing his handsome face, itself a stark contrast to the alabaster skin tautly stretched over an admirable musculature of a well-worked body in its prime.

In contrast to the convention at this brothel, and probably to flaunt it, Vincenti was dressed—or more precisely, undressed—as a Roman gladiator, in short Roman skirt, gold sandals, with golden-roped lacing winding around his well-turned calves, and gold snake armlets encircling his bulging biceps. At first appearance he also appeared to be wearing Roman chest armor, but these looks were deceiving. His chest hair, which flared down from under his nipples and met at the sternum to descend into the low-riding waistband of his Roman skirt, had been gilded and arranged in filigreed curls, augmented by body paint that simulated filigreed torso armor. His abs were cut so perfected that, painted as they were, he initially seemed to be armored. His simulated torso armor seemed also to have tassels at the nipples, which, in reality, were gold nipple rings with ruby inserts.

In keeping with the prince's exalted position, he was met at the door by the brothel's “madam,” a tall, willowy Turk of yet-to-fade effeminate beauty, at one time the favorite of the house and now its administrator. The keeper of the brothel was dressed in diaphanous, transparent harem pants, a scarlet-red sash, and gold bangle jewelry in every conceivable place, from nose ring to toe rings. He had black straight hair that cascaded down to his waist. His face was painted to a point where he could be described more as beautiful than as handsome—or could be if his face could clearly be seen behind the veil he wore.

The madam and the prince conferred in low tones momentarily, and the madam snapped his fingers and two meaty men in harem garb who were standing beside double doors to the right of the entrance opened these portals wide and the prince and the madam stood on the threshold of a suddenly noisy chamber in full sexual celebration. A ball was going on to the tune of a small instrumental ensemble in which the mood was distinctly gay and a good many of the invited guests and “entertainers” were already well into balling. The music being played was a melody from a rarely played composition, Hunziger's *Siren Song Symphony* , that hallmarked this brothel, that was only played here, and that had

some haunting effect on loosening whatever inhibitions to lovemaking the house's clients might otherwise have had.

The prince looked, scowled, raised his patrician nose toward the ceiling, and sniffed.

"No. None of these," he said. "Young, slight, but well-formed, black ... and, most important, fresh."

The madam whispered to the prince, who snapped his fingers, and one of his bodyguards stepped forward with a purse.

Weighed down with a bit more gold, the madam smiled and turned the prince to the doors on the other side of the foyer, which he opened himself.

The prince's eyes lit up with more interest, and after a few moments, he pointed, and a small, but perfectly formed, nubile and Nubian, youth of eighteen or nineteen, thick-lashed eyes downcast, and dressed in filmy, billowy harem pants that revealed perfectly rounded buttocks and a small cock and pert little balls stepped forward into the foyer. Other than the harem pants, he was wearing only a blue velvet vest that barely closed on his nipples on either side and a gold necklace and gold anklets.

"And full equipment as usual," the prince commanded.

"Ah, yes. We must discuss that; that might be possible," the madam said in saucy, teasing tones.

The prince snapped his fingers again and the purse reappeared. The madam snapped his fingers then and a servant appeared, received instructions, left briefly, and reappeared with several lengths of scarlet roping, a black-leather hand whip, and two black-leather dildos, one quite thick, long, and with a decided curve.

The Nubian's eyes went large when he saw these, but he quickly looked down again and stifled a small sob.

The prince had taken this in and was well pleased. This indicated to him that the youth either was virginal as promised or was a very good actor, either of which would suit the prince's needs very well.

The prince having indicated his satisfaction, the madam turned and, with mincing and jangling steps, led the procession of prince, Nordic bodyguard one, Nubian youth, and Nordic bodyguard two up the grand staircase to a bedchamber two floors higher.

The bedchamber was opulently appointed in red and black silk and damask, with maroon-based oriental carpeting spread across the floor. A sturdy four-poster bed occupied the center of the room, and French windows were open to the canal side of the palazzo, beyond which there was just the hint of a lacy iron balcony.

The five men entered the room, and the prince stood languidly leaning against the frame of the window, watching the traffic on the canal below, an offshoot of the Grand Canal, while his Nordic bodyguards lay the Nubian on his back in the center of the bed and tied off his wrists and ankles at the four corner posts. The madam stood near the door, the Nubian's harem pants, vest, and sandals in his hand, watching one of his prime investments being prepared for downgrading in his stables. He sighed satisfactorily, though. The price had been very good, more than he had expected. He asked in soft tones if everything was satisfactory, if the prince needed anything else.

"What? Oh, no. That will be all. You may go. My men will stay at the door." The prince had almost missed hearing the madam. His attention had been arrested by a gondola, with six men wrapped tightly in black capes with hoods and a golden-haired gondolier, which had just turned into the canal from the Grand Canal. The gondolier looked inviting. The prince had considered ending the night with the young, comely red-headed gondolier who had poled them here—and had paid him to remain at the dock for the return journey. But the prince rather thought he preferred the blond in the gondola with the six hooded men.

But who knew where that gondola was going, he thought, with a little sigh of regret. He turned and waved his bodyguards in the hall. Soon they were standing straight on either side of the closed door into the chamber, trying to look like they weren't hearing and enjoying the sounds of whimpers and moans and groans and short cries from beyond the closed door.

In the canal below, the Schlange and his five assistants were arriving at the brothel's canal entrance. The Schlange looked up the facade of the old palazzo as they glided toward it, and his gaze was arrested by the figure of the prince leaning gracefully in the French window on the third floor. The Schlange instantly knew what he wanted this evening. And he knew that room. He had used it several times himself in earlier centuries.

The madam heard the knocking at the door and slid open the eyehole to see who was there. His eyes grew large and he staggered back toward the back of the foyer. It had been centuries since that monster had chosen this brothel during the annual of the Masque Macabre, but the madam, when told who the visitor was, had remembered legends of earlier visits all to well—and lurid descriptions of the monster, all of which seemed to have been true. He turned to run but stumbled on the hem of his harem pants and fell beside the staircase.

Knocking was a mere formality. The Schlange had the key to the door.

The madam heard the key slide home in the door and it swung open, and the six figures were swarming into the foyer. Tossing aside their hooded clothes. Those five loathsome satyrs. Big, hairy, heavily muscled, swarthy, nasty looking, with cloven feet, pelted legs, horns, and snapping tails. But, worse than that, there was the Schlange. Almost human form, but not quite. A man's physique, of magnificent god-like proportions. But its skin was greenish and scaly. Its face was flat and handsome and ugly all at the same time—nostrils, but practically no nose. Uncloaked, the monster was naked, and between its heavily muscled legs was the thick rope of an appendage, an inhumanly long and thick cock, at the head of which a bulbous slitted mushroom cap. Out of the slit flicked a red, forked tongue.

As the madam struggled back up, gripping the posts in the staircase for leverage, he saw the monster's almost-lipless mouth open and a red, forked tongue darted out—toward him.

The madam started running to the back of the foyer again but slipped and disappeared around the side of a high, wooden cabinet against the wall opposite the side of the staircase.

The Schlange slowly moved through the foyer toward the back, as the five satyrs burst into the room where the Masque Macabre was under full steamy bacchanalia to the lust-laden strains of the *Siren Song Symphony* . The initial sounds from there were ones of conviviality and welcome of the new surprise, but these soon turned to gasps and groans and cries of mayhem and debauchery as the satyrs took their fill of forceful lust.

Meanwhile, the Schlange overshot the nook that the madam had snuggled into in its journey beyond the staircase, and the madam briefly had a notion that he might be able to break free and get out the front door before he was caught. But the Schlange had known where he was hiding all along. The monster turned and sent its unwinding cock appendage slithering into the nook.

The frightened madam was burbling and making little yipping sounds as the Nubian's harem pants, sandals, and vest got tossed out into the foyer, followed by the scarlet sash. The sound of gasping and ripping fabric, and the madam was being dragged out of the nook, a long snake-like cock appendage wrapped around his waist, the end tendril already sinking itself in the madam's well-used hole. Long strands of black hair and the gleam of gold rings on dragging fingers were the last to be seen of the brothel's manager as he was being dragged into the shadows at the other end of the foyer.

The noise from the ballroom was subsiding. Cries of shock and fear turned into burbling and then soft moans. Soon all was quiet in the ballroom, as even the members of the musical ensemble grew silent, instrument by instrument, except for exhausted murmurs and spent sobbing.

The madam had been vocal for a while too, as the Schlange's cock appendage dug deep inside his slack insides, stretching and filling him as he never had experienced before, and he weakly objected when the mouth tongue latched onto his cock cap and started sending its flicking tongue down his urethra channel into his ball sac, but he was no match for the Schlange and was soon being sucked dry of his male juices and having the Schlange's numbing venom being pumped deep inside his intestines. The milking did not take long and there would be no repeat. The madam was not made of the stuff the Schlange had been seeking out for the ability to pleasure for a prolonged period.

When the Schlange mounted the staircase to the third floor, the five satyrs were already there. Four were occupied with the Nordic bodyguards, who had already been subdued and had fainted under the attentions of the satyrs. Two each were still double-fucking the bodyguards with their massive, curved cocks, one from the front and one from the rear, with the beefy prey collapsed between them, arms drooping at their sides and heads lolling off to one side.

At a signal from the Schlange, it and the fifth satyr burst into the bedchamber, where the prince had finished with his toys and had just mounted a semiconscious Nubian youth, who was gurgling and mumbling softly to himself at the cruel taking of a thick real man's cock in a virginal hole.

Despite the shock of the vision of both the Schlange and the satyr, not to mention the inability of his Nordic bodyguards either to protect him or voice any sort of warning of attack, the prince's quick reflexes were impressive. He slurped out of the Nubian and bounded for the open French window.

The Schlange was quicker. It turned and its cock appendage shot out across the room and wound its cock tentacle around the prince's waist. Vincenti had reached the window, though, and he was gripping the frame, keeping himself from being drawn to the monster.

The satyr had fallen on the bound and helpless Nubian, who was very much conscious again and crying out at and writhing as best he could against the even thicker, curved cock the satyr was thrusting inside his barely used channel. The satyr quickly jerked away the ropes binding the Nubian. He wanted to play; he wanted the Nubian to struggle against him. They tumbled off the far side of the bed, and the Nubian clawed himself up onto the bed on his belly, his little fists gripping the silk of the bed cover in big bunches.

The face of a sneering satyr, long, pointed tongue gliding up the back of the Nubian appeared above him. Long strong arms flowed along the Nubian's arms and satyr fists closed over Nubian wrists. The Nubian's mouth opened in a silent, breathless scream, as the satyr's cock head found purchase at his channel opening again and thrust home. The Nubian shuddered and his little chest bounced up and down on the coverlet, as the satyr began the pumping rhythm of his stretching fuck.

The Schlange just walked toward the window, sending coils of its cock appendage around the waist of Vincenti. When Vincenti felt the chest of the monster pushing at his shoulder blades, he arched his back and lifted his feet, thrust them back, and dug them into the Schlange's thighs in one last effort to propel himself out of the window and into the canal three stories below. It was his one chance at escape.

But the Schlange's cock head had slithered up under the Roman skirt and found the prince's hole, and Vincenti's mind was now occupied with screaming in reaction to that long, thick cock working up inside him.

He was still struggling when the Schlange rested its chinless face against the prince's shoulder and sent its mouth tongue slithering down across Vincenti's gilt-painted torso. It ripped away the Roman skirt on its way into young patrician's pubic thatch.

Vincenti's last writhing struggles were in response to the flickering mouth tongue piercing into his urethra and digging down to his ball sac and summoning up all of the semen he had been building to pump into the Nubian virgin.

Soon the proud prince lost his grip on the window frame and let his arms daggle at his sides, and his legs collapsed and he was suspending in air in the frame of the window and held against the massive chest of the Schlange. He whimpered and moaned quietly as the Schlange hummed its pleasure at milking—repeatedly—prime, virile flesh at one end and ejaculating—again, repeatedly—venom progressively deeper at the other end.

The Schlange had chosen well. The madam had been merely a convenient preliminary of tired old inferior fluid. It could tell the quality of its lovers in the effect of their rejuvenation power on it. This one was prime. It would take time with this one. Keeping

him sedated with its venom but on the edge of his recovery powers. prime specimen could be brought into production and milked every couple of hours for quite a long time before drained dry beyond usefulness if farmed properly. Prime stock this one.

The Schlange felt decadently patrician already. It hadn't had such a tasty morsel since its last visit to Venice in the fifteenth century.

The gondola had extra passengers on its trip back to the black ship. The Schlange was in the low cabin in the middle of a third extraction from a panting and murmuring, but totally subdued prince of the House of Lancia while it watched a satyr toying with a last-gasping Nubian in the middle of the gondola, keeping the young man at the edge, continuing to plow him and working at timed, mutual ejaculations, but not letting him slip away.

At the front of the gondola, a satyr was on his back, the prince's gondolier stretched along his body, the satyr's thick cock curved up inside the red-haired gondolier's ass from behind, while another satyr was crouched over the gondolier's hips and stroking the Italian boatman's cock and the satyr was pushing his cock inside with that of the other satyr's. They had just started on this one, and he was still being very vocal and lively and letting them know they were having just the effect they wanted on him.

The pole man of the gondola that had brought the Schlange and the satyrs from the black ship, the blond the prince had fancied, was bent over the top of the cabin, his chest bouncing up and down on the cabin roof, as the fourth satyr fucked him from the rear. He seemed to be rather enjoying the servicing. The fifth satyr was poling the gondola out toward the black ship. Half way out, he would exchange positions with the satyr topping the blond.

The night was late. The celebration of the Masque Macabre was winding down. And the citizens of Venice had long ago taken to their beds to recover and heard and saw nothing of what happened at the Serraglio that night.

While the Schlange was happily humming and harvesting from Vincenti, running its hands and forked tongue all over the young prince's body, coaxing him to quicken

production, its eyes fell on the Nubian. Perhaps a snack for later if there was anything left. And perhaps it was time to visit Alexandria. It had been centuries. It was sure there were Egyptians there in their prime. The Schlange had heard of one who frequented that port—one who both was a prime nectar candidate and who might help the black ship escape the confining bounds of this sea and the clutches of the ever seeking White Furies.

Chapter 5: Alexandria Feast

A'zam, the navigator, was famous throughout the Arabic world for his ability to pass from the inland sea past the maelstrom and through the snapping jaws of Kalpe and Abyla into the greater ocean to circumnavigate the lands of the Africans and shoot through the Shat al-Arab and thence to reach the Euphrates leading to the palaces of his father, the mighty caliph Abdullah, without passing through the arid lands of the fierce, ruthless, and uncivilized Syrians.

The caliph thought that his bravest and most handsome and virile and well-formed son traveled this dangerous route to the lands of the Egyptians and Maronites past those of the light-skinned infidels to the north because of all the riches he could bring back to Baghdad. But, truth be known, it was the passions of the flesh that brought A'zam repeatedly to the mouth of the Nile and further, to the Levant coast. A'zam liked nothing better than to sink his manly cock into the backside of young, moaning Egyptian manflesh, and this is not something that would be tolerated in the many-wived court of his father, who counted his riches in the number of sons and grandsons playing warrior in the atriums of the palaces. If the caliph knew A'zam was squandering his precious seed, he might be compelled to have the prince's proud member lopped off as a warning and reminder for all so inclined.

A'zam traveled in much pomp and circumstance, and he was yet to clear the gauntlet of Kalpe and Abyla into the inland sea on his current journey before his agents in Alexandria were putting out a call for the fairest and best-formed young men across

North Africa to dance in attendance to the virile son of the caliph upon the first night of his landing in Alexandria.

When Ishaq, the Egyptian procurer, arrived at the Alexandria palace of the caliphinate at the harbor, he was pleased to see the ship of A'zam the navigator already tied up to the pier, but he was surprised at the deserted feel to the palace itself, which was usually teeming with boisterous sailors and lustful activity whenever the son of Caliph Abdullah was in port. And he was even more surprised when he had herded his offerings, all young men who had attained their manhood but who were young and comely looking and perfectly formed, along behind him on their interlinked chain to the door of the entertainment hall. He was met there not by the usual guards of the inner chambers, but by two hooded and cloaked figures who mumbled from inside their rough-woven cloaks to him and who made certain that he provided the key to the young men's chains but then withdrew from the palace until summoned to take them back.

This was highly unusual. Ishaq usually entered the chamber with his young men and spoke of their individual virtues until, after the young men, dressed in diaphanous harem leggings, had danced for the prince's favor. Then A'zam usually chose one—or three or four—of them and withdrew to his inner room to given them their first taste of manly cock. While this transpired, Ishaq customarily was led to another area of the palace by a chamberlain and plied with expensive drink and food until A'zam was finished and ready to convey the used young men to Ishaq and provide instructions on his tastes for the next evening's pleasure. But now Ishaq was just waved away but told to hover nearby. But the voices from inside the hoods were so frightening and the cloaked figures so overtowering that Ishaq did not quibble this time. He found himself trembling in their presence without really knowing why and felt as if he had escaped something terrible by withdrawing outside the palace and waiting there for further instructions.

Instructions that never came—or, at least, not as Ishaq expected.

As the five young men—gathered from all corners of the world to include a blond, alabaster-skinned young muscle man from the northern snows to an ebony giant from the darkest south—entered the room and were unshackled and made to kneel in an arc in front of the door they entered, they gathered to themselves the same sense of heaviness and foreboding that had sent their master scurrying outside the palace walls.

Four hooded and clocked figures, all shuffling and overlarge, were circling the room warily, giving the young men no question that they would not make it as far as the door if they chose to try to withdraw. And the way the cloaked figures moved left no doubt that they were powerful and would be cruel opponents. Off to the side was a four-man musical band, playing expertly but nervously and tentatively at a tune that wasn't Egyptian but was mesmerizing and arousing in its influence, and looking very frightened of the roving cloaked figures.

The chamber was draped in heavy oriental carpets, with sections flapped back to reveal small sectioned-off cubicles beyond them furnished only by a narrow raised dais. The floor was smooth marble, polished by thousands of dancing feet over preceding centuries. And beyond this circular central section, along the back wall of the chamber, was a slightly raised dais, covered in rich, red carpeting and strewn with a mountain of many-colored woven-patterned pillows. Behind this was a billowing silk drapery in a rich emerald green color. Sunk into the pillows, hood pulled down to shadow his face, sprawled what must be the famous navigator and caliph's son himself, Prince A'zam. He too was cloaked, but in black silk in contrast to the rough brown of the cloaking of his attendants. Behind him, standing tall, was yet another cloaked figures, face hidden under a hood.

This figure clapped his hands, and the small orchestra picked up the volume on the exotic, intoxicating tune it was shakily playing in somewhat off-beat rhythm, and one of the cloaked attendants circling the dancers reached down and pulled up a small, trembling Egyptian and pushed him out into the center of the room. After a moment to shake off his fears, he began, tentatively to writhe a provocative dance of seduction to the forced strains of the music, trying his best to please through his fright, knowing that any dancer chosen by A'zam would be celebrated and rewarded particularly well and any who was not favored by A'zam was more likely than not to find himself on a war galley at the end of one of many oars until his strength gave out and he was pushed overboard.

The Egyptian's dance was good, but obviously not good enough, because after a short time, the figure lounging in the pillows uttered a guttural tone of disgust and waved an arm. What came after had an electric effect on the other four dancers.

One of the hooded figures reached out into the center of the floor and grabbed the Egyptian youth by his arm, spun him off into one of the side cubicles, and pulled down the flap of the rug covering. Within moments, the greater room was flooded with the sound of cruel taking from within the cubicle, with the Egyptian screaming of his fear

and the impossibility of what he was enduring—of the cruelty of the creature taking him and the massiveness of its tool, and his cries subsiding into lengthened moans and gurgles of burdened surrender.

Both the orchestra and the second chosen dancer, a willowy Maronite beauty, were so traumatized by the sounds coming through the muffling rug curtain at the side that their combined performance was inferior to that of the first dance. The figure in the pillows dismissed this dancer quickly, and another of the hooded figures forced the Maronite into a cubicle on the other side of the chamber and for a brief period—until the cubicle first occupied went very quiet—the unmistakable sounds of forceful, overtaxing fucking beyond endurance was heard in stereo.

The heavily muscled Norsk was third. He was a clumsy dancer, but both he and the orchestra tried harder, being fully aware now of the risks at hand, and, the undulation of his muscles obviously being pleasing to the eye, he was permitted to dance longer than the previous two before he was waved into the grasp of the third cloaked figure. The two remaining dancers gasped and trembled in fear at seeing how easily the cloaked figure subdued the strongly built man of the north, slung him over its shoulder, and carried him off to yet a third cubicle. There was much crashing and thrashing from beyond the curtain of this cubicle until a cry of defeat sounded from what surely was a deep-penetrating thrust of control and power and unquestioned possession turned into whimpering and sobbing.

Soon the dancers were down to the last one. The giant ebony warrior had been saved for last. His skin glistened with oil under the many-candled chandelier overhead as he began a rhythmic, mesmerizing tribal dance that was both sensual and primeval. Even the orchestra was so taken with the skill of the African that they forgot their fear and played up to their potential, weaving the artistry of their instrumental music around the graceful undulations of the African's body.

The African was dancing with a purpose. All of the cloaked figures that had been circling the floor were now otherwise engaged behind the woolen curtains, brutally fucking the earlier, failed dancers into subjugation and unconsciousness, slapping them awake and then fucking them again. The African knew the effect of his movements on men; he knew that his dance was mesmerizing and would loll anyone watching into slit-eyed, lustful sluggishness. When he felt the time was right, he repeated a turn and feint toward the door that he had worked into the pattern of his dance, but at this moment he broke the pattern and rushed for the door through which he had come—his only chance

for freedom. He no longer wanted the position and reward that would come from pleasing Prince A'zam. If the dancers not favored suffered as they obviously did at the attentions of the prince's minions, the African reasoned that pleasing Prince A'zam may not be worth any reward.

But the African had not taken more than three steps toward the door when he felt a thick, breath-stealing rope wrapping itself around his waist and pulling him back into the center of the room. He looked down and in horror saw that it wasn't a rope at all but was a snake-like, green-scaled, thick tendril of an appendage.

The appendage spun him around and he found that he wasn't facing an Arabic prince, but a green-scaled monster. The monster had risen from the pillows and thrown off its cloak and stood tall and powerful in its hideously beautiful magnificence. It was the form of a man—and a powerfully and perfectly built, heavily muscled man. But it wasn't a man. It was covered in green scales and its face, while leaving the impression of being handsome, was not human at all, but was flat. It had nostrils, but no nose, and when it opened its mouth, out slithered a long, red, forked tongue. And the appendage that had snagged the African was a huge, long hose of a cock centered on two bulging balls descending between the monster's thickly muscled thighs.

As the monster pulled the giant of an African toward it, almost effortlessly despite the ebony giant's best efforts to escape, the African saw the hooded figure behind it drop its cloak too. Even less human than the monster, even though possessing a human-like body of heavy, well-defined musculature, what was evidenced in this second figure was a satyr of mythical image as depicted in books the African had been shown in his education to the art of courtesan ways in the libraries of Alexandria. The figure had a human torso, although heavily matted in coarse hair, but his head sprouted goat-like horns, his thickly muscled and hairy legs were hoofed, and he had a switching tail and an oversized cock that would have reached to his knees if it were not reaching out, curved upward in arousal at the African's dance. His countenance was cruel in the extreme, and the African feared his intentions as much as those of the green snake-like monster's.

The orchestra had stopped playing, and the African assumed it had done so in shock at the revealing of the green monster and satyr, but when he glanced over their way, it was to find that the other four controlling figures, satyrs all, had emerged from their cubicles, leaving the curtain flaps open to reveal the bodies of the totally spent dancers, arms and legs akimbo, twitching and barely breathing on the floors on which they had been totally fucked and where each had been reamed extra-gaping channels by the satyrs' supersized

cocks. And the four satyrs had now fallen upon the members of the orchestra for their second helping of debauchery amid the frightened squeals of the musicians. The assault was already in full force, each of the satyrs already saddled and easily holding the shocked musicians in imprisoning embrace and pumping their heavy cocks in and out in seemingly impossible penetration to a rhythmic slapping that almost, in consort with the moaning of the musicians, made exotic music all its own.

The African snapped his head back to the front and cried out in rage and surprise as he realized that the centering appendage of the monster that had his belly entwined in its grip was raising up the very tip of its hose-long cock and was waving the head of this in front of the African's face. There was no doubt it was a cock, as it was headed by a bulbous mushroom head. And as the African watched in horror, being pulled ever closer to the pillow-strewn dais, another tongue, red and forked, slithered out of the monster's piss slit, kissed the African on the cheek, and slid down the length of the African's heaving, glistening torso and through his legs and up into his channel.

The African cried out and sank to his knees on the edge of the dais and beat out at the breast of the monster with his broad fists. But then the fifth satyr, who had been standing behind the monster, came around behind the African, lifted his arms above his head in an incapacitating full Nelson hold, and, getting his thick thighs under those of the African, thrust his thick, curved monster cock up into the channel of the African, coming in on top of the slithering and deeper penetrating cock of the Schlange and starting a rhythmic pumping action that had the African making belabored clicking noises in a sing song language.

The African groaned and grunted at the double invasion, and then he began moaning deeply as the Schlange started moving its flicking mouth tongue down his torso and wrapping itself around the African's hardened cock and snaking, in a triple invasion, into the African's piss slit and deep down through the urethra channel and into the interior of his massive balls, starting the milking process of the proud African prince's essences.

The African twitched to the sucking of his vital fluids and then lurched and rolled his eyeballs back into his head as, deep inside his intestines, the Schlange granted him the peace of the calming venom of his ejaculation, fountaining up into the African's belly.

After a second exhilarating milking and leaving his satyr lieutenant to ejaculate again and again at a more shallow level into the subdued and whimpering African's overstretched channel, the Schlange unwound himself from the now-compliant African and moved, with shuffling steps, to the back of the dais. Brushing the emerald-green silken hanging aside, he entered the inner sanctum of the caliph's palace. There, revealed in all his bruised but magnificent glory was the naked body of A'zam the navigator. The young prince was suspended by leather ropes in the center of the room, his arms and legs outstretched to the side.

He lolled his head up and looked at the entrance into the room through eyes swimming in the venom of the many milkings he had experienced at the attention of the Schlange already that day as the five satyrs were clearing and feasting on the hardened bodies of the young prince's sailors and the palace guards.

A'zam whimpered and his butt twitched in anticipation as the Schlange slithered across the floor toward him, humming a tune that both repelled and aroused the young Arabic prince. He was caught between horror and yearning, and he was ashamed at himself as he felt his cock harden and his hole puckering out, crying for the attention of the monster's flickering tongue. The young and noble mariner was aghast at what was going to happen to his body yet again, but his body belied his reasoning, showing in the hardening of his nipples and the puckering of his hole and the engorging of his cock and the shallowness of his breath and his low moaning that, even though he knew his life was flowing out of him, he wanted it, wanted it so much. Addicted to the Schlange's filling of him with his throbbing tongues and with his soothing opiate. Both repelled and hopelessly smitten.

The Schlange was upon him now, smiling and humming softly, opening its mouth, flicking out its tongue, running its tongue lovingly down A'zam's chest, laughing a low laugh as A'zam threw his head back and howled to the frescoed ceiling when the mouth tongue slithered into his piss slit and deep into his rejuvenated ball sac and lapped at the princely nectar, while its fucking cock snaked into the prince's now-gaping anal canal and reached for his stomach.

Both twitched and paused from what was now fully shared lovemaking as sounds of the retrieved shocked and beleaguered Ishaq, the procurer, could now be heard, ever so briefly before he cried out his frustrated and anguished invasion and burbled down to subdued silence in the outer chamber. And then A'zam sighed his ultimate submission as once more the Schlange ejaculated its calming venom deep inside the young prince, being ever so careful not to push A'zam over the final edge. They were here for a purpose. The

Schlange needed what the prince could give it—which was much more than just his perfect-genes essence. This was all according to a far greater plan.

Chapter 6: The Maelstrom

"What is it you want?" A'zam asked wearily through cracked lips as the Schlange entered the room where the young Arabic prince hung naked and spread-eagled by leather bounds. He'd been given nothing except the monster's tongue cocks for over a day now—and not even that since late into the previous night. All was quiet across the caliph's Alexandria palace, as the gray light of dawn filtered into the narrow arrow-slit windows cut deep through the stone walls and overlooking the inland sea at one corner of the fortified harbor entrance into the inner harbor.

"I would have come for your virile nectar in any event," the Schlange murmured in a soft, malevolent, hissing voice. "But you are correct. There is something else I want from you." The young prince had slept during the latter part of the night, hanging from the leather strips in the center of the inner sanctum. The Schlange left him unattended through much of the night, although the temptation to milk the virile sailor prince continuously was there—it was as addicted to what the beautiful youth could give it as A'zam now was to the overpowering, albeit horror-filled, sexual satisfaction the Schlange could provide. But what the Schlange wanted from him was important—vital—and the young man needed to be alive and alert to provide it.

"Name it," the prince said in a low, hoarse voice. "And name what you will give in exchange."

"Give in exchange?" the Schlange retorted with a hissing little laugh. "Have you not found that what I give you is worth all of the riches of your world?—far more arousing

and satisfying to you than anything a human can given you. Do you think you can return to your young dancers and be satisfied now that I've had you?"

A'zam did not answer, but he lifted his head and stared into the fascinatingly ugly-handsome face of the monster, and the Schlange knew that the young prince could not answer—that what the Schlange had said was a basic truth that A'zam was only now acknowledging to himself. And all of the misery of the world showed in the man's face—all of the hopelessness and despair that stretched out before him in a life that had once had so much promise. He had been marked—and his depths had been touched. He was lost to this monster now.

"Ah, but I do have something to offer you in return. I shall give you eternal life; eternal lovemaking to the very depths of you."

"Eternal life," A'zam said. But his tone was flat, and he lowered his head again, not wanting to give the monster the satisfaction of seeing the pain and sorrow in his eyes.

"I came for you because you are the navigator," the Schlange continued in his breathy, whispery tones. "You have bypassed the maelstrom and shot the Kalpe and Abyla repeatedly in both entry into and escape from the inland sea. I want you to navigate my ship through the labyrinths—and then, then you will know eternal ecstasy."

If A'zam had been looking into the Schlange's face, he would have known how desperately the monster wanted this, needed this, and would understand that even now, when he was bound and being cruelly used, not all of the leverage was in the monster's control. But he did not turn his gaze upward, and there was no evidence that anything had happened or been said to boost his flagging spirits.

As the sun was rising to the west across the placid waters of the inland sea, the black ship was gliding out into the waters and away from the palace pier at Alexandria, rowed by unfortunates of the streets and back alleys of the ancient city, who had been seized in the night and who were fair of face and body but unlucky in lineage and circumstance. There would be no one in the teeming city who would note their absence, no one to care that they never returned. Standing above them, shuffling up and down the strip of decking

between the oar benches, wandered the cloaked, hooded figures—the five minions of the Schlange, voicing cruel commands and snapping whips.

Spread-eagled, naked, by his own direction, at the ship's bow, a perfectly sculpted alabaster-white figurehead bowed out over the prow of the jet black craft, facing the sea he loved, his legs spread and ankles bound to deck joints and his arms flung wide and wrists tied off to ropes rising to the overhead sails, jutted the navigator, the Ottoman prince A'zam. The magnificent young prince was keening toward where the horizon met the sea. This was his secret of success, he had told the Schlange. He offered himself fully to sea and the winds at each voyage, making homage and begging for their sufferance and protection. And the sea and wind had always responded to him.

A'zam did not name the winds that responded to his call, though. In the hours of captivity since the monster had told him what he wanted, the Arabic prince's memory had stirred, and he began to remember bits and pieces of an old legend of good defeating evil, of a monster such as the one besetting him and how he had been defeated and entombed by the White Furies that watched over A'zam. And A'zam, in his desperation, had begun to plan. If only he could withstanding long and deeply enough the allure of the Schlange's *Siren Song Symphony* and the total pleasure of ultimate taking the monster had initiated him to.

Standing close behind him, its nether cock wound around the young prince's belly, the forked tongue of its piss slit fondling the young man's cock and balls, teasing him into hardness and the awakening of his juices, the Schlange matched the keening of the navigator with the soft humming of its own, the low murmur of the mesmerizing *Siren Song Symphony* . The cock tongue of its mouth was flicking around the young man's thick, muscled neck and down and up into his exposed arm pits and around to his chest. The young prince's nipples were hardening, and the Schlange made languid love to him with its wandering hands as well as the flicking tongue. It was time to abstain from taking him again now, though, so that he could concentrate his strength on summoning his protective spirits, spirits that would protect the black ship as well on his dangerous journey, but its caressing promising a renewal of the lovemaking that only the Schlange could give the virile, lustful youth.

A'zam's keening increased in volume and intensity as the ship was rowed out into the trade channel and turned west, and then, as if on the young navigator's command, a breeze rose, caressing A'zam's cheeks, fluttering the Schlange's green scales, billowing the satyr's cloaks so that some of the oarsmen gasped at the glimpse of what was

underneath, and chilling the sweat-soaked bodies of the young Egyptians manning the oars.

A'zam lifted his eyes up to the heavens, and then he smiled. They were there, his friends, the White Furies. He—and only he—could see them answering his call, floating in from the north and east and south and west, summoned to that which they had long sought, moving behind the black ship, filling the black ship's sails, and sending the majestically ominous vessel thundering toward the west.

The Schlange sighed a sigh of satisfaction. The lad had done it. He had delivered his sailing magic. He need no longer be fully strengthened and fully aware—at least not until they approached the maelstrom—and then he could be permitted to recover, totally rejuvenate—at least until they were safely into the greater ocean. And then the young prince could receive his eternal peace.

But for now, it was the Schlange that needed to be rejuvenated, satisfied. The monster knelt behind A'zam and then turned, without dislodging the coiled cock rope around the man's belly. It laid down between A'zam's legs an the jutting prow and looking up the line of A'zam's torso, and let its mouth cock slither up the young man's calves and thighs and wrap itself around his erect cock. The forked tongue slithered into A'zam's piss slit and opened that channel. A'zam moaned an initial objection that turned into a cry of invasion when the nether cock head stole into his ass canal. He writhed briefly and groaned and grunted and begged for sufferance as the tongue of the mouth tongue snaked through the urethra and down into the refilled ball sac and started pulsating there, teasing the virile A'zam into flow. Simultaneously the cock tongue made love to A'zam's prostate and then slithered up into his intestines, pulling along the thickened cock, stretching and filling A'zam's canal and undulating its scaly skin across the young man's yielding channel walls.

Pulsating, pulsating, in both entrances. The Schlange singing its *Siren Song Symphony* melody. A'zam setting his hips in motion with the rhythm of pulsating cock tongues, moaning and sighing now for the symbiosis of the Schlange giving extreme arousal and sexual pleasure and the Schlange, in turn, receiving the commodious flow of rejuvenating nectar. At length A'zam cried out his ultimate pleasure and surrender of his noble semen, as the Schlange ejaculated deep inside him, bathing his insides with the opiate of its calming venom.

The two continued like this, one unified pleasure machine, as the black ship scuttled toward the outlet into the greater waters between the guardian jaws the seafarers called Kalpe and Abyla. The Schlange would milk A'zam until there was no more nectar to give, then it would anesthetize the captive with its own ejaculate. And then the Schlange would wait. Sometimes for a couple of hours, sometimes a bit longer, as it sensed A'zam recovering his virility. The young man truly was a prime-of-health semen production machine, and the Schlange was pleased with itself at its uncanny ability to pick the best of the best. Then, as A'zam regained his strength and consciousness, the Schlange would invade him once again with its cock tongues and subdue him and milk him. The Schlange was gaining in strength and power with each milking just as A'zam was slowly, but relentlessly shriveling toward nothingness.

Meanwhile, behind them, on the ship's deck, the mighty favorable wind had made the rowers redundant—which was the plan. The five satyrs had thrown off their hooded cloaks and were roaming the decks, picking and choosing, from most arousing to least. Unchaining this and that terrified young man, easily overpowering each feeble attempt at resistance—and enjoying this struggle as part of the game, even—throwing backs or bellies to the deck or up against the mast or over a rail, as it pleased them, forcing thighs apart with beefy fists, and thrusting up inside their prey with cruel, mammoth cocks. Thrusting and fucking endlessly to the lusty cries turning to moans turning to gurgles of complete surrendering—of all who fell before them. And then rising and grinning and shopping the trembling, chained line once more. The satyrs pacing themselves so that they could sport until their attention was needed to provide help in navigating the labyrinths to come.

Each time A'zam recovered consciousness, the sounds of ultimate taking on the deck behind him and the twitching of the Schlange's tongues inside his ball sac and his gut shot home the hopelessness of the situation once more. It was only when he lifted his face to the heavens and spied the steady presence and blowing of the White Furies that he was able to manage a fleeting smile and gain once again some purpose to his waning life. But then, each time, he felt the stirring of the flicking tongues inside him, the gripping and pulsating of the tongue around his testicles, and the awakening and thickening of the cock deep inside his intestines, and he began to writhe again in a maddeningly short resistance that, in spite of his every desire, morphed into waves and waves of heightened arousal and passion and crying out for what only the Schlange was able to give him—what no human could give him if he somehow survived this trial—and the draining of his vitality and life fluid, drawing him closer in each fucking to the end of his existence.

The sky was darkening, the atmosphere was heavy with moisture, and thunder was rolling in the near distance, the sound of rolling thunder that only A'zam knew was not

really thunder, as A'zam was coming into season again. He knew now what he must do, what only he could do—in aid of is favoring winds, the White Furies. As the Schlange began the rhythm of another invasion, A'zam bent his mouth down to that green, ugly-handsome face of the Schlange's body laced between his legs and lying on the jutting prow and looking up along the line of A'zam's body, and he kissed the monster on the cheek. Surprised and aroused in a new way, the Schlange moved its mouth tongue away from A'zam's cock and lifted its chest up to A'zam's, rubbing bare, hard-muscled chest to bare, hard-muscled chest. A'zam murmured that he wanted to embrace his lover, that he loved the Schlange deeply and wanted to be able to reciprocate that love.

Intrigued and aroused in a new way, the Schlange slit A'zam's arm bonds, and the two embraced closely. A'zam kissed the Schlange full on the mouth and allowed the Schlange's mouth cock to enter his mouth cavity and caress his inner cheeks. All of the time the Schlange's nether cock was pulsating inside A'zam's ass channel. But now, the sexual congruous was changing. Now the Schlange's cock was beginning to slow pump A'zam's channel and A'zam's hips were answering in a rhythm that was more of a normal fuck than the Schlange had ever experienced with one of its victims before. The sensation was exhilarating and arousing for the monster in a completely new way. A'zam's mouth was in the hollow of the Schlange's neck and moved to its chest, and the Schlange had the first sensation ever of lips and teeth coaxing its nipples to erection. The beautiful young man was making love to the Schlange—and at the same time A'zam was totally distracting the monster's attention from anything else happening around it. In another first in its ages-long life, a tear appeared at the corner of the Schlange's eye and rolled down its flat cheek, and for the first time it contemplated the handsome young human as a lover rather than sustenance.

The Schlange was lost to the lovemaking now, no longer fully in control—which was unfortunate beyond its wildest imagining—just as the brave but lost A'zam had planned as a panicked “must be” when he realized that all else was lost—that he never could go back now even if given the opportunity.

The satyrs were the first to notice, but it was upon them before they could warn the Schlange. The roaring A'zam had heard was not near-distant thunder. It was the much more present signal of the edge of the maelstrom—the vortex, the whirlpool—protecting the entrance between the Kalpe and the Abyla, opening the inland sea out into the greater world. And the navigator had set the black ship to sail directly into the center of it rather than in the secret channel around it, powered by the breath of the White Furies.

Thanks to the White Furies, which the Schlange, in the effort to satisfy its own needs, had not noticed, the black ship had found the maelstrom much earlier than anticipated.

A'zam, the navigator, raised his weary face, and in the last gasp of his strengthen, he pushed the Schlange way from him, the monster releasing its grip on A'zam's belly in its surprise and consternation, out beyond the prow of the ship into the center of the vortex, as A'zam lifted his face to the White Furies and keened his appreciation for deliverance. And then the boiling waters engulfed him, cleansing his wounded, badly used body, as the black ship, and all of the lost souls aboard spun down into the center of the abyss, following the Schlange down, down, down to the center of the re-entombing earth.

The End.

ABOUT HABU

habu, a bisexual former supersonic spy jet pilot, intelligence agent, and diplomat, is a published mainstream novelist and short story writer under another name and in another dimension of his life.